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GIRLS'  
ISSUE

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# THE TIGER

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THE CALIFORNIA  
SCHOOL OF  
MECHANICAL ARTS

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# LITERARY

## The Awakening

Thomas Jr. went to his room, slammed the door and threw himself on the couch. It seemed to him that he was the most abused and misunderstood young fellow who had ever put a foot inside of a college. He had just had an "interview" with Thomas Sr.

"Some how or other, Dad doesn't understand," thought Tom. "He forgets that he was a boy once himself, owed a few bills and all that sort of thing—anyway, he shouldn't make such a cut in my allowance."

Tom was what the boys at college called a "jolly good fellow," and he quite enjoyed the title. Now he must give it up. He lay there on the couch, thinking over what his father had said and it all seemed very unjust. Then he thought of the fellows—of all the dandy rides they had taken in his machine, of the banquet of last Friday night, which he had given his frat brothers, of all the numerous "good times" at which he had always been host. And now—how would he feel when he could no longer be at the head of the college social set? Of course, the boys would always be his friends, but then—well, to be truthful, Tom was as proud as he was generous. Now he felt abused. There was no reason why his father should be so particular about how much money he spent or how he spent it.

"I'll see what mother thinks about it." But his mother had just gone out.

"Well, then, I'll have sis entertain me with some music. That might be soothing." But "sis" had gone to the theater a half-hour before.

"Nothing else to do but to read, then." Tom went to his room, turned on his study lamp and seated himself in his most comfortable chair. It was so hard to think of anything else but his father's reprimands—so hard to think of anything but the way he was mistreated. However, he must get his mind on something else. From some books on the table he picked "Mrs. Wiggs."

"This ought to be amusing. I've read it before, but I'll glance through it."

He opened it haphazard and read the first words at the top of the page:

"There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry for, 'stid of yer-self."

"Well, if anyone is in more trouble than I, he certainly has my sympathy, but I don't believe anyone could be."

He got up, went to the window, opened it and looked out. The fresh air blew in, bringing with it the scent of roses from the great rose garden on the south side of the house. The night was so calm and peaceful—all Nature seemed content. Tom was out of harmony with it all. Yet the clear air refreshed him and he decided to go out of doors, take a long walk and perhaps forget his troubles.

As he walked down Main street, he stopped for a moment to look

into one of the shop windows. Near by, two shabbily-dressed fellows were talking:

"Well, yer see Bill, it's this way. If yuh ain't got a' edjercation, it's just twice as hard to climb to the top. My folks ain't never had enough to send any of us to school; but Bill, nobody knows how I'd a' given anything to go right through one of them colleges. Guess I missed what they call the opportunity. That's what makes the climbin' so hard—bein' without a' edjercation."

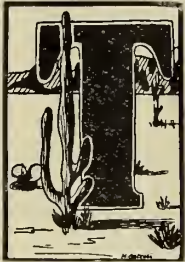
Tom walked slowly home. The words he had overheard cut deep, and he was looking at his side of the question differently. Perhaps his allowance was a great deal more than many other fellows had; perhaps it was outrageous to spend so much and perhaps his father was right when he called him a "lucky lad."

He went up to his room. On the reading table lay the book he had impatiently thrown aside. He picked it up—this time in a different spirit—and read again:

"There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry for, 'stid of yer-self."

MADELINE HOGAN, '14.

## In Tripoli



HE call of a bugle rose, sweet and clear, on the twilight air. From all parts of the Italian camp it mustered the soldiers for roll call, and each as he took his position in line, cast anxious glances at his comrades.

"Lopez Aquilla!"

The first name of the roll call rang through the ranks, turning many faces to the captain, some full of sorrow, others carefree and happy. Again the captain's stern voice slowly pronounced the name, and presently from the end of the rank came the loud response. And so on down the list he went. Here and there a vacancy appeared, but the commander stopped only to check the absent one's name.

"Luzon Parvis!"

Three times the name rang throughout the camp, but brought forth no response. When Paulo Pacheco's name was called he answered in a shaky little sob, discernible to all around him, but none offered sympathy. As quickly after roll call as possible, he obtained leave to retire and entered the shelter of his little tent, where he threw himself on his cot with a heartrending sob. Luzon, his friend and companion from boyhood, had disappeared. Probably somewhere around the camp he lay dead, shot through the heart by a white-robed Tripolian spy. As in a dream, Paulo's mind wandered back—far back to the time when he and Luzon had worked together in the fields of their sunny Italy; where they had gathered the harvest the whole day long; and each vesper time as the sun sank to rest had come home together singing. Then came the time when they had heard the terrible news of war—when happy faces had grown sad at the thought of leaving home and loved ones, and then those two friends saying good-bye to the native soil, enlisting in the army and coming "to do or die" in

Tripoli. They had been sent once to the Sahara, where they did picket duty; where, day after day, the sun beat down unbearably hot upon the cork helmets of the regiment.

With a sight and a start Paulo recalled himself from his musings to see a private standing without his tent. He told Paulo he had come with some news of Luzon. It happened that while he was walking his rounds, he had heard a prowler very close to camp and had fired. The spy of flowing robes fell behind a hillock and was lost to sight. A few minutes later Luzon had thrown his gun to his shoulder and darted into the darkness. A shot was heard, a yell, and all was silent. Luzon had not yet returned.

Paulo went immediately to the captain, who, after hearing his story, granted him a three-day furlough in which to hunt for his friend. Paulo wanted to start immediately, but the captain retained him to the morrow.

The day was hot, extremely so. The heat waves rose in jerky little swells. The sands of the Sahara, gold in the withering noonday as if touched by some Midas, lay soft and undisturbed; and the barren waste stretched far into the horizon. There were no sheltering palms or thriving oases for the foot-sore traveler, nothing but sand.

Out on this great waste were three persons. One nevermore would feel the heat, nor need of water. He had been sent by Luzon to join his father, Mohammed. His great, gaunt white-clad figure lay face downward, as if kissing farewell to his only love, the great Sahara. The second figure was the body of an Italian soldier, lying on its side, its tongue dry and protruding; its face distorted with suffering. The right hand clutched a canteen, dry as the sand on which it lay; the left held an army revolver with one shell empty. The third person was also an Italian soldier. He carried no gun; only a pistol hung in a holster at his hip. On his back were three large-sized army canteens, two of which were filled to the brim with water. Slowly he truged over the hot sands, hunting for his lost friend. Though he knew it not he was within a few hours' walk of where Luzon lay, dying for want of drink. A slight wind had come to life during the day and had carried away the impressions made by pursued and pursuer. Step by step the path became less and less distinct, and finally died away. Now, without guidance, Paulo stood bewildered, erect, the only protruding thing, looking like the pole of the universe.

He remembered that the path as far as he could see led straight ahead, and in that direction he went. But without guidance, persons will invariably start in a circle. So it was with Paulo. He walked farther and farther away from his friend. Night overtook him, and he had barely more than one canteen of water left.

Paulo fell into a deep and troubled sleep, from which he was awakened by a heavy wind blowing sand into his face. The signs he knew only too well. It was a sand storm approaching. With a hoarse cry he sprang forward into the night, like a doe released from its trap. He ran and ran, fed by a wild, insane desire to escape from he knew not what. At times he stopped and turned, felt the wind beat with greater force in his face, screamed hysterically and ran on.

How long he ran he knew not. But his flight was suddenly obstructed by something soft. When he fell, consciousness forsook him, and when it returned the storm was over. Slowly his mind cleared and on looking around he beheld his stumbling block. A wild cry burst from his lips. There at his feet lay the body of the white-clad soldier.

Hastily Paulo examined him and found him dead. Luzon must be near. Starting in a wide circle he began a cautious march. He used as a guiding post the soldier's gun, stuck upright in the sand with a part of its



owner's draperies tied on like a flag. For ten minutes he walked, and, on rising on a hillock, beheld below him the prize of his endeavors. Quickly dropping on his knees beside Luzon, Paulo touched the parched lips with a damp rag, dropped his precious water on the shriveled tongue and on the feverish head. When all hope had been abandoned for the recovery of his friend he felt a slight relaxation of the stiffened muscles; he dropped the canteen and gun and took Luzon in his arms.

Luzon opened his eyes slowly and looked around in bewilderment. Then he turned and beheld Paulo. With a happy sigh he threw his arms around the neck of his friend and fell into a deep sleep. He awoke refreshed, and Paulo gave him water out of the partly filled canteen and the last of his bread. When his strength returned the two boys started for camp. They knew not what direction to take, but placed their faith in their religion.

Over the yielding sands tramped the two soldiers, one supported by the other. Luzon soon became thirsty again, and Paulo gave him the last two mouthfuls. They tramped far into the night, until fatigue overpowered them, and they sank to sleep on the face of the desert.

The day dawned hot. The boys had fallen to sleep in the shelter of the hillock, and when fully awake climbed to the top. There, spread out below them were the camps. Two days ago there had been but one. Now there were two. What was the situation? Did the Italian standard still wave over Tripoli, or had a new flag been raised by an independent nation of the world? They knew not. Nor had they any means of telling. Cautiously they crept toward the nearer camp. No sign denoted habitation. Could it be possible they had been seen and were walking into a trap? They crossed themselves and uttered a prayer for protection in this, the most dramatic incident in their simple, pastoral lives.

Nearer yet they approached the camp. All seemed desolate. Suddenly a bugle call came through the still air. They had no place to go. With a sudden inspiration they both ducked under a military tent. There, silhouetted against the canvas, was the form of the captain of the first regiment of the rebels in Tripoli. His back was toward them as he pulled on his boot. Just the position to tie and gag him. With a leap the two were upon him. With a blow from the pistol butt, the Tripolian dropped without a murmur. Quickly the two left the enemy's camp and started on a dead run for the home of their friends. Luzon, being the faster, soon outdistanced his protector. Paulo stopped for an instant and turned to see the tall form of an enemy lift his gun to stop the flying Luzon. Quick as a flash Paulo turned and cried:

"Run, Luzon, run! I am here behind you. Don't turn—we haven't time. Faster, boy, faster!" and he himself met the enemy. The shot was never fired. Pulling his gun from the holster Paulo threw it at the Tripolian's arm before he could reach the trigger. He sprang at the soldier and while the short battle lasted it showed the animal ferocity and primeval instincts of man. A whirl of an arm, a flash of steel, and Paulo, with a tired little sigh, passed into his last sleep, his eyes slowly closing on the Italian standard.

—ISABEL LIGHTBODY, '14.



## The Golden Gate



HE chants and wierd dances were ended. Red Fox had been buried with his trophies of war and all his other possessions.

Great Bear was chief now in the Golden Valley, but he would not be such a chief as Red Fox had been. The shrewd old warrior had not been given this name without reason, and he had never failed to live up to it. Great Bear was different. Although daring and insolent, he lacked the skill which Red Fox possessed to so marvelous a degree—marvelous even for an Indian. Red Fox was never outwitted by men of his race, or by animals which he hunted. Besides, Great Bear was too proud, and was sure to demand too much of his people.

That evening the sun went down in a haze of smoke, which rose from the forest fires raging far back in the hills. The warriors seated around the fires, and the squaws gathered about the wigwams, were talking about all that had happened that day. There were low mutterings and many scowls, and a restless spirit pervaded the air. One old squaw, bent and gaunt, said nothing, however, but went about her work with an immovable countenance. She was the dumb Assawa.

For many days the forest fires raged and then there came a storm such as had never been experienced in the Golden Valley, where usually there was sunny weather and peace.

"The Great Spirit of the Hills is angry," said one to another, as the trees were felled by the wind and the great rocks rolled down the hillsides. The stream became a torrent and then swept over its banks, so that the Nez Paru Indians were forced to take refuge on the hills. Their lovely valley became a sea of tumbling water and above the noise of the storm the roar of the ocean could be heard.

Yes, the "Great Spirit of the Hills" was angry, and so was Great Bear, for upon him was placed the whole blame of the matter. On the night when he had been made chief he had not sung the chant that Red Fox had always sung to the Great Spirit when the sun went down, and so calamity had come upon the land. The Nez Paru tribes had lost many braves in the battles with their neighbors. There were mutterings on every tongue against the chief, and there was fear in every heart—fear of the "Great Spirit of the Hills." Great Bear was proud, however, so he at last forbade his people to sing the chant, to which the Great Spirit paid no heed. Many of the tribes were afraid to obey their chief's command and stole away into the forest at night to sing softly the chant Red Fox had taught them.

They decreased in number, however, until only the old Assawa was left. Night after night she stole away to raise her hands toward the hills and to move her lips as if chanting, although no sound came from them.

For a time the Great Spirit seemed to have forgotten the insult, for prosperity came again to the Golden Valley. Assawa shook her head though when the others scoffed at the "Great Spirit of the Hills." One evening she had traveled far up on the slope and was lifting her hands to the "Great Spirit," who, she believed, dwelt there, when there was a mighty roar. The earth shook and the hills seemed to be torn apart. The waters of the ocean rushed in through a great chasm and overwhelmed the dwell-

ers in the Golden Valley. Assawa, who had fallen to her knees in fear, looked at the awful scene until she could bear it no longer. "Alas!" she thought, "the Great Spirit is revenged upon my people," and then she turned and fled.

When she reached the top of the mountain, Assawa paused to look back once more. The sun was shining upon the waters of a beautiful bay and with especial glory upon the natural gateway through which the water entered. Suddenly Assawa began the old chant, for at last she had found her voice. When it was ended she turned her back on what had once been her home, and went to tell to other tribes the story of "The Golden Gate."

LILLIAN PERRY, '12.

## The Amulet



VOICE broke my train of thought—the flames had ceased to leap, and dreams were at an end.

"Did I talk much during my delirium?"

"You talked at times."

"What did I say?"

"You described a storm as never I have heard one described before."

"Did I call any names?"

"Yes, the name Azalea."

John Ransome leaned back in his chair, his face deathly pale and his teeth set upon bloodless lips. What was it, that storm, that name, that should cause so much evident pain?

I could not understand, for with what I knew of his life and his ways, I could not recall any incidents that should cause him to be so affected. The only thing to which I could attribute it was a sea voyage he made a few years ago. Since then he has been a different man. Before he was very popular, especially among his masculine friends, but just a little bit unapproachable where women were concerned. He was very fond of travel, and each summer he took long trips. He always went alone, never following the usual drift of tourists, but seeking out-of-way places. Since that trip a few years ago, he has avoided all society, and more than ever that of women.

Several weeks ago, while on his usual morning ride, he was thrown from his horse. Serious injuries resulted—a broken ankle, a fractured skull and before many hours he was in a wild delirium. For two weeks he remained in this state; at times he seemed to be fighting with something and then would quiet down, breathing that name.

He regained his composure when next he spoke.

"Old pal," he stammered. "You are the best friend I ever had."

"Why, John?" I asked, and then he pelted me with questions.

"Why are you so good to me? Why don't you ask questions? Any other fellow would. Well, that's you; always considerate."

By accident the sleeve of his dressing gown fell back and I saw upon his arm, just above the elbow, a band of beaten metal, and on the clasp an inscription written in strange characters. He started and gazed at it in

a frightened manner. When he saw that I had also seen it, he regained his composure and a smile, half sad, half apologetic, twisted the corners of his mouth. He turned the bracelet tenderly around his arm several times before he pulled the sleeve over it; his touch was gentle, soft and almost like a caress. Then he told me the story.

Two years before, following his plan, he had mapped out a long voyage among the South Sea Islands. He planned to go far to the south, visiting those islands the least frequented. He meant to go alone. A yacht was built; modern and complete in every detail. It was of good size, but easily managed. The salon was furnished in comfortable elegance, with books and music for his sole companions. The larder was stocked to last him many weeks. Nothing was lacking. It even contained water-tight compartments, so that in time of high seas he could remain warm and dry. Besides the motor, he had added sails and oars.

At last everything was ready. The day he sailed was bright and the sea shone like glass before him, as his little yacht pulled away from shore.

His friends called him insane to attempt such a trip alone. But was it insane to be happy?

The days seemed to have wings. He visited one island after another, studying the ways and learning the languages of the islanders, watching their sports and sometimes joining in their foot races and swimming feats. Even with the athletic training he had received at college these islanders surpassed him.

One day he had wandered far out of his chosen path, even out of the way of small trading crafts, when the sky suddenly grew dark. The water hissed and foamed. The gentle, caressing wind rose instantly to a furious gale. Great torrents of rain beat down upon him, blurring the sky and sea before him.

The storm grew in fury, but all went well with the little boat. Almost as suddenly as it had risen the storm subsided and the sun came out bright and clear. His little "Treasure," as he called her, had survived the storm, but he was in a strange sea—he knew not where he was.

He scanned the skyline, watching the white caps in the distance. In an instant he became excited, and his eyes seemed to devour the sea. Far in the distance was a tiny speck. He watched it until his eyes danced and even with glasses he could not make out what it was. He steered nearer. As last he saw that it wasn't land and was too small to be a boat. Nearer and nearer it came and he found that it was a raft. There were objects on it. First he saw a large basket and as he drew nearer he saw that the basket contained fruit, rare tropical fruit. Beside it he made out a keg. What did it mean? Exerting every power he raced toward it. Something else was on it, something that shone like a mass of bronze—then he saw a body—the body of a girl pinioned to the raft. She was clothed in rare silks and clothes of gold. Her face he could not see, for that which he thought was bronze covered her face. Such hair he had never seen before—it was neither red nor brown, nor coppery, but the richest indescribable shade of bronze. The form neither moved or stirred.

He drew the yacht close to the raft and with great difficulty lifted the unconscious form onto the deck. He left in tow the raft, fruits and keg of water.

As he opened the door of the cabin he stood paralyzed, dazzled like a helpless child. The hair had fallen back from the face, disclosing the delicately cut features. Never before, in all his travels, had he seen a face so beautiful. The skin was white, though he knew the girl to be a native



of some island in these seas. She was clothed in the finest and rarest of clothes and bedecked in precious stones. Was it any wonder that he stood bewildered?

He had laid the unconscious form on the couch, and in a second he was at her side applying restoratives. The eyelids fluttered. He watched, chaffing her bruised hands and feet. Two soft, brown eyes opened, and she drew away in a frightened manner. She cried in her terror and in a moment fell back into unconsciousness. When again she recovered she showed less signs of fear. He talked to her, trying in every way to gain her confidence. Little by little she gained courage, for she seemed to tell by his voice that he was her friend. As tenderly as a woman he washed the wounds on her ankles and wrists and bound them for her, all the while talking. Every language he knew he tried, but at each she shook her head and responded in a strange tongue.

Gradually a sign language was established between them. Patiently he tried to teach her to say "John," but her pretty little tongue could not get around the "J," and tears would fill her eyes when she found she could not say it as he did. He liked the name better when she said it as she did. Never before had he heard her name, Azalea, and never had he heard a name so pretty as it seemed to him.

Her hands found many duties when she was strong again. He had never realized how much the little touches here and the little touches there could add to the appearance of things.

One afternoon he sighted land, and in his joy he ran to tell her. He thought how happy she would be, but her face convulsed and she cried out in fright and clung to him. In her way she besought him to turn from it. So to sea-ward he turned. Reasoning was out of the question and her happiness was his.

One day later, as suddenly as had gathered the other storm, another arose. Black clouds filled the sky. The wind rose to a mad fury and beat the wild water into foam. The sea, so blue an hour before, looked like a caldron of boiling black oil. The waves swept over the powerless boat. Like a cruel monster teasing its prey, the ocean tossed and rolled, rolled and tossed the boat, opening its foaming jaws as if to swallow it whole. The engine was broken, the cabin filled with water; his oars gone and rudder broken, he found himself powerless to guide his little craft, and the trough of the sea lay before him.

Suddenly the boom of breakers told him that the shore was near. Each wind-whipped wave carried them nearer, relentlessly on and on toward the black rocks. Like two frightened children they clung together, watching for the tall cliffs, the jagged rocks that were to end all.

Azalea tried bravely to smile, but when the tall form of the cliffs now arose before them she became more frightened and clung desperately to him. Murmuring a prayer, he found his only comfort in comforting her.

They were racing on and on to their doom and the roaring breakers counted the seconds.

They watched in terror. Suddenly Azalea looked behind her. A great crushing wave was bearing down upon them. Turning to her partner she bared her arm, took from it a band and fastened it about his arm. She clasped him in one wild embrace, flung herself into the sea and was carried away on the crest of the wave.

When he awoke he found himself high upon the rocks. His mouth was parched, his tongue swollen and every inch of his body ached and pained. He tried to move, but it seemed as though his every bone were



crushed. The sea was quiet and the sound of the gentle lapping of waves came to his ears, but the sun beat down scorchingly hot.

How long he had been this way he did not know, but he knew by the sound of waves close by that the tide was coming in and soon would cover the rock on which he lay. He tried to move, but the effort caused him to sink into unconsciousness. The water came nearer and nearer. Little by little he crept away from the water's edge, and by nightfall his tired, bruised body had been dragged over the rock's sharp edges to safety. The cold night wind arose, chilling all it touched, where a few hours before the sun had scorched and burnt all.

How he lived through that night he never could understand. Natives found him in the morning after they had searched the white sands. Through long summer months they nursed him back to health. The shores were searched for Azalea, but she was never found. He found out from them what they knew of the bracelet and a little of the tribe to which they supposed her to belong.

Far to the south of them was a large island, the tribes being very hostile to strangers and their neighboring island tribes. Their women were wondrously beautiful, having very fair skin. The tribes were very fond of their women and lavished the best they could obtain or make upon them. Why she had been tied to a raft and set adrift, they did not know. The band or bracelet, judging from their own customs and beliefs, was an amulet, supposed to protect the wearer from death.

So Azalea had given her life to save his.

FRANCES MARTYN '13,

## The Water Lily

(Translated from the German.)

A tranquil water lily  
Floats on a pond of blue;  
Its white leaves gleam and glisten,  
Round its cup of silvery hue.

Down pours the moon from Heaven  
Its glorious rays of gold;  
Pours all its golden treasure  
For the lily's heart to hold.

Encircling the water lily  
Glides ever a snow-white swan;  
He sings so sweetly, so softly,  
As the lily he gazes upon.

He sings so sweetly, so sadly,  
He is singing his soul away—  
O, lily, cold white lily,  
Don't you know what he would say?

VIOLA CAHEN, '12.

## The Lux School for Girls

Mrs. Miranda W. Lux by her last will and testament set apart a portion of her estate to be held in trust for "the promotion of schools for manual training, industrial training and for teaching trades to young people of both sexes, in the State of California, and particularly in the city and county of San Francisco." The trustees of this fund have entered into an agreement with the California School of Mechanical Arts. This agreement provides for the organization and equipment of the latter institution for the carrying out of two projects of industrial training, the funds to be provided by the Lux Endowment.

One of the projects is to be domestic courses for prospective teachers, these courses being given at the new Lux School for girls.

The school will be one of a group of buildings situated on the lot bounded by Sixteenth, Seventeenth streets, Potrero avenue and Park. The other buildings will be the Lick and Wilmerding schools, a large auditorium to be used by all the schools, and an administration building where Mr. Merrill will have his offices. All three schools will co-operate in class work as Lick and Wilmerding co-operate at present. Architects are now working on the plans and it is hoped that the Lux School will be ready for occupancy next year. There will be no special provision for playgrounds because of the close proximity of the Park.

The Lux School will not have all the functions of a regular normal school, but its main purpose will be to open the way for those who wish to devote themselves to industrial education.

The curriculum will include the following courses:

- 1—Plain sewing, dressmaking, millinery.
- 2—Textiles and fabrics, weaving.
- 3—Cooking and marketing.
- 4—Domestic science, hygiene.
- 5—Planning, heating, ventilation and sanitation of the home.
- 6—Furnishing, decorating and beautifying the home.
- 7—Home gardening.
- 8—Freehand drawing.
- 9—Chemistry.
- 10—General science.

The above list gives all the practical courses which will be taught. In addition, there will be the academic courses of English, mathematics, history, etc.

The main idea is to have the courses, whether academic or practical, more fully elaborated than those taken at present, with "home making" the central feature. As for instance, a knowledge of chemistry being necessary to understand the application of science in the home, that study will then be regarded as an essential in connection with the cooking and domestic science courses. In the same way, freehand drawing will become essential along the lines of household decoration, and other courses, having art for their foundation, as the designing of dresses, millinery, etc.

The enrollment plan has been worked out with great care and thought. The school will enter any girl who has completed the sixth grade of grammar school. From various statistics, it has been found that when the girl reaches the age of thirteen, which is the average age of girls entering the

seventh grade, she becomes tired of her school life, or certain conditions at home require her to enter the business world and here try to earn her living.

The result of such stunted growth is obvious. The girl has no training to fit her for a special position, but is obliged to enter a store and work for little or nothing. She loses what education she has received from grammar school and finally becomes incapable of striving for anything higher in life. This period in which the girl becomes tired of the ordinary public school education is the most important period of her life. Her mind is forming for good or evil, and the way in which these four years are spent decides her whole future career.

The object of the Lux School is to tide the girl over this period, provide her with an entirely different training from that given in the public school, and enable her to enter the business world for which she will be at least prepared. As the required course at the Lux School will be four years, the girl on leaving will be, at an average, sixteen years of age; she will have an academic education, a practical education, and above all, she will be able to take care of herself and demand that which she would otherwise have been unable to demand—the respect of her fellow-beings.

Here the course will end for those who do not care to go further, but for those who wish, there will be a two-year normal course. During these years the girl will be allowed to specialize along some line of work and prepare herself to teach.

The new Lux School, then, will teach girls things which will be of value to them, whether they go into business or become home-makers. The essentials of the home will be emphasized. Above all, the new school will tend to bring out individuality and all that is best in the girl. It will enable her to improve the various features of home life, will give her a scientific understanding of the home, and will teach her economy. The school, in opening up all these branches, will tend to develop what is most important to the girl—her character and personality.

HILDA BETTOLI, '12.





## The Evolution of the Home

Evolution is the process during which, by continuous progressive changes, a complex arrangement, agency, or organism is developed from rude or simple beginnings—as the evolution of government rule; or the evolution of civilization from savagery. The evolution of the home means, then, the progressive series of changes of which the modern home is the result.

The house of today may differ from the ancient form of habitation in many ways, but the reason for its being is the same, that is, to meet some primal need of man. Man today demands protection from wild beasts and shelter from winds and rain, from heat and cold, and the primitive man needed protection and shelter in exactly the same way.

Those who have studied the primitive dwellings agree that man found his first shelter under the spreading branches of a tree. The overlapping and intertwining of the boughs is supposed to have suggested the thatched roof, and later shingles. The early nomadic tribes lived in huts, the framework of which was made of branches of trees and covered with animal skins. One other dwelling which Nature herself provided for mankind was the cave in the rocks.

Then came the pueblos, and in these the handwork of the primitive man is seen. They consisted of a compact mass of rooms, which could be entered only from the top by ladders that were drawn in after the people. The buildings were made of stone and the crevices filled with clay and mud. They contained six stories, with seventy or more rooms on each story.

The "cliff dwellings" were another type, much resembling the pueblos. As the name suggests, they were dug out of some cliff or large rock. Much skill was shown in constructing them, but there was no provision for light or heat, or sanitation of any kind.

Thus we see that the primitive dwellings satisfied but two requirements—protection and defense. As civilization advanced and man learned to use tools, to domesticate animals, to weave and work in wood and metal, his dwelling place came to mean something more than a mere place of shelter.

The early Greeks spent most of their energy in making temples rather than private dwellings. Judging from indications, family life was unknown in early Greece, and therefore the private house was unknown. Their dwellings were within walled cities. They consisted of one story with stone floors and were built in two divisions, one for men, the other for women.

The Roman house consisted of three parts—the small public court, the large private court and the shop. The walls were of wood, finished in



plaster; the floors were of stone. There were no windows, but the house was artificially lighted and heated. Thus we see, the characteristic buildings of Greece and Rome were not their private homes, but great temples, towers and palaces. The same is true of mediaeval Europe, for its greatest and most noteworthy architecture is expressed in its castles and churches.

Little is known of the early English habitation. It is probable that before the Norman conquest the people lived as best they could in rude wooden huts. The first stone dwellings were built about the middle of the twelfth century. Then came the castle, the early Englishman's home. This consisted of the keep, strengthened by protecting towers and surrounded by stone walls. Such outhouses as were needed were of wood within the courtyard.

The keep was the domestic part of the castle, containing the rooms used by the family, and it is the earliest form of English house built in permanent fashion. The keeps, on the whole, were spacious, but lacked lighting and heating facilities. The windows were only small holes in the deep walls, and, as they were unglazed, they let in some light but much more wind and cold. Heat was furnished by great fireplaces.

Following the castle and the keeps came the "manor houses." These were strongly fortified, as were the castles, but the arrangement of rooms differed somewhat from that of the keeps. The hall was the principal part of the house, being used for eating, sleeping and living. As the manor house became more generally used the keep fell into disuse; but the manor type has survived and has been developed into the modern house.

As the development went on, less and less attention was paid to fortification and more to comfort and pleasure. Efforts were made to secure privacy, which was totally lacking in the earlier types. To this end the hall was finally replaced by smaller chambers.

In the fourteenth century, house building developed along the line of ornamentation, but the general plan of the house remained the same.

In the sixteenth century came the most remarkable advancement, due to the Renaissance. New ideas from Italy came into play, fortification was no longer the main idea, the houses being built to give pleasure. All sorts of wonderful carvings were used to embellish dwellings, inside and out. The walls were covered with tapestries, or panelled with carved woods; flat ceilings, covered with beautiful designs in plaster, began to be used. Ornament was seen on everything, and many of the Elizabethan dwellings were truly "gorgeous palaces."

In the centuries following, the houses took on a more sober, refined aspect, but retained many of the exterior features of the Elizabethan age. From this period to the present time, the tendency has been to simplify the architecture as much as possible.

At the time the English manor house reached its fullest development the wandering children of the manor were building in the American wildernesses, then tiny log cabins, the first homes of the colonists. One can not imagine America with large palaces or castles, for they are not adapted to the free and simple life of its people. About 1800 in America, domestic architecture developed rapidly. Framework and clapboarding were substituted for the log walls, and brick came into use for chimneys and houses.

What is known as the "Old Colonial" house is probably the most common type of early American architecture. It consisted of eight rooms with a central stair hall. The fireplaces were symmetrically located in the inner walls of the rooms. The exterior was decorated with a small portico. The second story was usually constructed of heavy log timbers, which served

as a ceiling for the rooms below. The outside walls were packed with mud or seaweed to add to their warmth in winter.

As might be expected, the colonial houses of the North and South were different. The men of the North found life a serious thing, and his architecture had a decided note of severity in it. His home was built of three stories. The interior and exterior were very simple and plain.

In the sunny South, the climate was pleasant and the soil productive. There were plenty of slaves to do the work, and, as the people were socially inclined, their homes needed to be large to accommodate the family, guests and slaves.

All of the colonial architecture was characterized by carefulness in detail, by the use of much molding for doors, windows and chimneys, by delicate hand carvings on newel posts and stairways. The colonial is the one type of building in our architectural history which bears the mark of a definite style.

In 1825, domestic architecture ceased to be colonial. The use of classic forms such as Doric and Ionic, were introduced. Dwellings of this type were built along the Hudson river about the middle of the nineteenth century, marking the beginning of the city house.

Today we have the city house, the country house and the suburban dwelling, each with its own characteristics. The city and country houses of a quarter of a century ago were planned with a single entrance, facing the approach; this opened from a porch into a pasageway rather than a hall, with the stairway directly inside and running to the floor above. The parlor and library were on either side of the house with the dining room and kitchen beyond.

This was the general plan from which the house of today was started; step by step it developed; the passageway became a hall; the staircase changed its position, adding beauty as well as convenience; the parlor became less important and the living room and fireplace more so. The house of today has all modern conveniences, such as artificial lighting and heating, sleeping porches, and all sorts of labor-saving devices. Great care is taken in planning and decorating rooms, color schemes being worked out in true artistic effect in even the smallest of bungalows; the furniture is chosen for comfort and utility, rather than for mere showiness, and the rooms are all made to be lived in. The windows are as large as possible, so that an abundance of sunshine may enter the rooms. The heavy window draperies of a few years ago have been replaced by light, washable curtains, artistic and dainty. The plush furniture of a century ago is gone and in its place are more simple and enduring styles; and the gaudy, striped and flowered wall papers are seen no more. The walls of the modern house are tinted in subdued colors, soft and neutral shades, which harmonize with the furnishings and general color scheme.

The housewife of today has come to realize that "home" doesn't mean a place in which to keep a collection of bric-a-brac, but a place which has untold influence on those who dwell within its walls. Environment means everything to the growing child, and for this reason no amount of money spent in truly refining the home can ever be wasted.

Through the centuries there has been a progressive series of changes in human habitations. From the shelter afforded by the tree, the hut, the cave, log cabin, the courts of Greek and Roman houses, or the hall of a castle, to the modern house of today is a long journey; but artist and architect have combined to make the modern house not only a place of shelter, but a place of beauty as well.

MARGARET BARRY, '12.

## Bread

Bread, in one form or another, has been used since the earliest of times. The meal or corn was formerly ground or mashed between stones by hand. It was then mixed with a liquid and baked in the campfire ashes. In some countries yeasts were cultivated, while in others, unleavened bread was used. At other places the dough was mixed and allowed to stand exposed for days in order to catch the wild yeasts from the air. Today the ordinary bread is made of wheat flour, mixed with yeast, liquid, salt and sugar, and baked in an oven.

Wheat flour is placed under two general classes—bread and pastry flours. The bread flour is made from the hard spring wheat and contains more gluten than the pastry flour, which is made from the winter wheat. There are many ways of distinguishing between the two. One of the most simple is to clasp the flour in the hand, and if it holds its shape when the hand is unclashed, one may be almost certain that it is pastry flour. Pastry flour is smooth and soft, while bread flour is of a creamy tinge and feels grainy.

Most of the California wheat is planted in December and is ready to be harvested in June and July. The harvesting of the grain is one of the most interesting things around the farm. The harvester itself is a large machine requiring from twenty-eight to thirty-six horses to pull it. Five men are needed to do the work. The wheat is cut by a large knife about sixteen feet long, and is brushed onto a strip of canvas, which carries it onto the separator, where the straw, chaff and wheat are separated. The wheat passes onto a set of iron cups, through which it is sifted until clean. The straw and chaff collect in a large box at the end of the machine, from where it is dumped. After the wheat is thoroughly cleaned it is placed in large sacks, ready for its trip to the mill.

There are two processes of milling, known as "low" and "high" milling. In "low" milling, the grain is ground between two crushers, placed as near together as possible. In "high" milling, the grain is screened and cleaned, and then treated with heat and moisture so as to make the removal of the bran layers easier. After this the grain is run through five pairs of rollers, each successive pair being a little nearer together. The products left after it has passed through the rollers are sifted and the fine flour removed. The remainder passes through another set of rollers. This process continues until all of the good flour has been removed. In all, the wheat passes through six grindings, not considering the sifting and sorting, and when we think of the time and the amount of work this requires we may well begin to wonder why it is that flour is not more expensive.

There are many ways of making bread, but the process may be simmered down to the mixing of the ingredients, allowing the dough to rise, kneading of the dough, shaping to desired size, allowing to rise again, and finally the baking. Too much salt should not be used as it retards the growth of the yeasts. A little sugar causes them to grow more rapidly.

If perfect cleanliness is observed and the bread is allowed to rise the correct length of time, there should be no trouble in regard to the bread souring and becoming heavy. In the making of bread, as in all other things, "practice makes perfect."

ELISE LARSEN, '13.

## Memorial Resolution

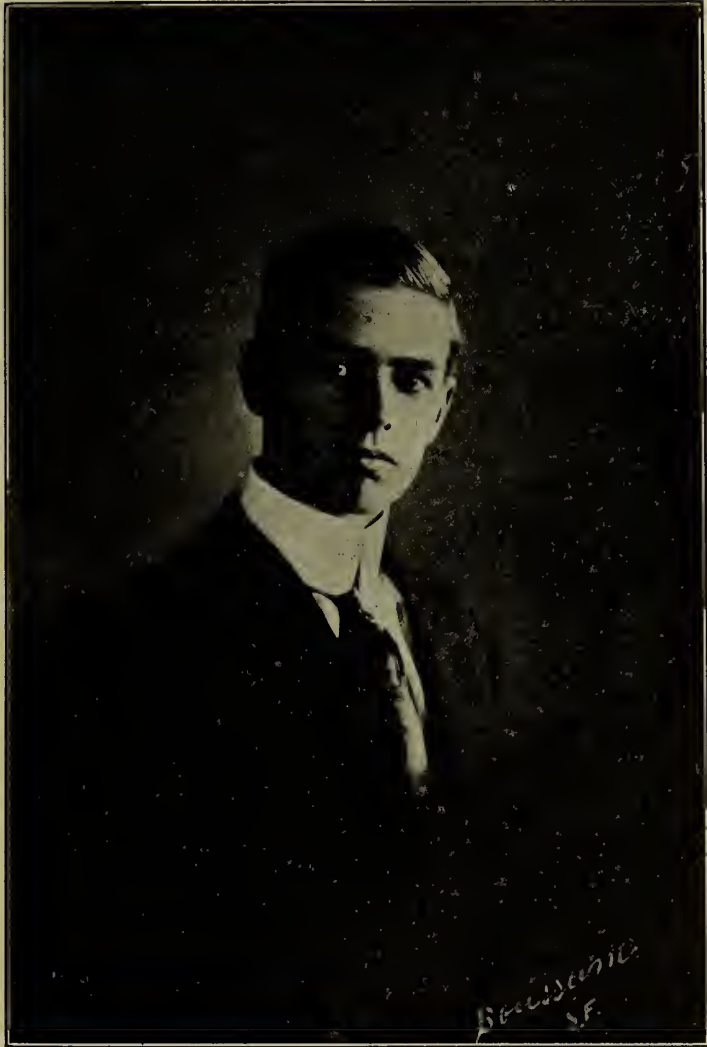


Whereas: The hand of Death hath removed from our midst our beloved schoolmate, Charles Lambert Crittenden; and,

Whereas: His loss is shared alike, both by his bereaved family and all the members of his class; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Nineteen Thirteen Class of the California School of Mechanical Arts, that we extend to his family our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of affliction.





CHARLES LAMBERT CRITTENDEN  
Died January 21, 1912



## ∴ ∴ THE TIGER ∴ ∴

The Tiger is published every quarter by the Students of the California School of Mechanical Arts (founded by James Lick), at Sixteenth and Utah Streets, San Francisco, California.

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CATHERINE BOYLE .....	Editor
ETHEL BUCK .....	Manager

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### MANAGER'S STAFF:

Miss Doris Slack	Miss A. Kelly	Miss Margaret Barry
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This is the third and perhaps the last issue of the "Girls' Tiger." We have tried to make it as distinctly representative of the girls as possible, in order to show what they can really do. All of the literary work was done by the girls, as were also the cover design and cuts, with but two exceptions.

In spite of this, however, the boys were not idle, and nothing but praise is due them for the splendid way in which they supported this issue.

Thanks are due to several persons who helped in the preparation of the paper in many, though perhaps unseen ways. Miss Otto and Miss Denny were behind it from the very first with all sorts of suggestions and

ideas, particularly for the Literary Department. Miss Boulware and Miss Stewart helped us out of many difficulties in the Art and Home departments. Mr. Bruce helped us considerably in the final preparation of the issue and corrected several mistakes, and the editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank him.

All of the girls on the staff worked hard, but Miss Bettoli, Miss Cahen and Miss Saywell deserve special mention.

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## Lincoln Essay

It is time for the Lincoln essay again. What are you going to do about it? Let Wilmerding take first prize again, or bring the prize back to Lick? We won first prize the first time the contest was held. Last year, through lack of interest on our side, both the first and second prize was won by Wilmerding. This year there is no reason at all why Lick should not win first prize and win it easily.

The Lick students should be better qualified to write such an essay than the Wilmerding students for the simple reason that we devote much more time and study to literature. Where we give a year in a certain English branch, Wilmerding only gives six months, and it looks well for their school spirit when they can capture the prize under such conditions.

Fellow students, show your school spirit. Remember that it is just as much an honor to win first prize in the Lincoln essay contest as it is to win an athletic or any other kind of a victory.

There should be no lack of interest this year. The contest is open to everybody. If you have never taken part in any activity try for the essay. You will be doing something for Lick, something for your class, something for yourself, and above all, you will be paying a tribute to that most noble American, Abraham Lincoln.

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## The Senior Farce

For four years past each Senior class has given a play. This year the class of 1912 will present "Christopher Jr.," a high-class comedy. The play is all that could be desired, the cast has been chosen with little or no difficulty, and the manager is working hard. There remains but one thing to be done and that is for the whole student body to get behind the Senior class and support the farce with the proper spirit—the spirit that brings success.

The farce represents not only the Senior class, but the whole school. It is the only play given outside of school during the year, and outsiders naturally judge the students from what they see of them on this occasion.

We must make a success of the play this year. There is a good deal of opposition to it for various reasons, and it is up to the Seniors in particular to show the Faculty what they can do.

One of the first things to be thought of is the program. The management is trying to make it a little different from former programs, and a

large number of ads. are needed to pay for the engraving and printing. Now an advertisement isn't the easiest thing in the world to get. The things most worthy of having are those for which we strive the most, and we ought not to be afraid of striving a little for an advertisement. But there are some fortunate individuals who can, by means of business relations, get an ad. without any difficulty. If you happen to be one of these people, don't wait for Manager Velisaratos to come to you, but get the ad. and go to him.

If it is absolutely impossible for you to get ads., you can at least "boost" the farce and advertise it to your friends. Don't go around criticizing the play, the cast, the manager and everything connected with it. Remember that the cast was picked from the most available material in the school, and if you criticize the cast you will be casting reflections on yourself.

Co-operation is what is needed. We have plenty of school spirit and loyalty and if we all pull together for the good of the farce it cannot be anything but a success. Let every one feel responsible for the outcome of the farce, instead of putting it all on the manager's back; and when the play is finally given, let every one feel responsible for his or her conduct so that we may have nothing to fear from the outsiders' ever-ready criticism.

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### Manager's Editorial

The manager wishes to thank all those who helped in the preparation of this issue, particularly Mr. Slack and the boys for their untiring efforts to secure ads.

Look through the paper and when you go shopping, take your "Tiger" along and support our advertisers as they have supported us.







A number of exchanges have found their way to "The Tiger office and are exceptionally good. In some of the smaller papers there is room for improvement, especially in regard to advertising in the front pages. This, usually, detracts from what would otherwise be clever little papers.

**The Echo, Santa Rosa High School.**—Much credit is due to your school for the production of such a paper. It is not overdone with advertisements and shows careful arrangement. Your literary as well as other departments are creditable.

**The Cogswell, San Francisco.**—Though not equal in size to other publications you make up in the quality of your cuts, literary and jokes to more pretentious papers. We are glad to see that you are not crowded with advertisements.

**Nods and Becks, Berkeley, Cal.**—An interesting little paper, even if there are no boys in your school. Your cover is especially neat, but the quality of paper detracts from the rest of the book. A little more work on the headings would do no harm.

**The Russ, San Diego, Cal.**—A creditable paper and your order cannot be beaten. What! No exchanges? We hope this is only an oversight and will not happen again.

**The Adjutant, Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.**—A fine little book and a credit to your institution. You have splendid material, but there is room for improvement in your exchanges.

**The Mission, San Francisco.**—By far the best of our exchanges. The order could not be improved upon and your cuts are clever. Keep it up, Mission, and come again.

**The Wild Cat, Los Gatos High School.**—A well gotten up paper and a credit to your institution. Your list of exchanges are good, but where are the jokes?

**The Sotoyoman, Healdsburg High School.**—A neat little sheet and your cuts are up to your standard. The grade of paper could be improved upon. Put all advertisements in the back of the paper.

**The Lowell, San Francisco.**—We are glad to see you back in monthly form. All your stories are good except "A Mistake With a Moral." For goodness sakes, banish those ads. in the front! Not necessarily the ones on the front cover, but the first page ones. Your cuts are the best of any exchange we have received for many a day. That "Notes" was a dandy. Why not try putting the titles above instead of inside the articles in your organization column? What happened to all the tail pieces? Yours is, without doubt, the best monthly journal in our exchange columns. Come again!

**The Gong, Escondido, Cal.—(Christmas Number).**—Your paper is small, but extremely neat. We have only two things to suggest, the use of more good cuts and a better grade of paper. The absence of ads. in front is a commendable feature.

**Red and White, Vallejo High School, Cal.**—A neat paper, commendable for its arrangement. Try and keep all jokes under one heading. Get an artist on your staff.

**Madrona, Palo Alto, Cal.**—Another paper worthy of praise for its arrangement. Your literary department is good, but your jokes could be improved. Some of your cuts are good, notably "Contents," "Editorials," "Debating" and the tail cuts, but the others are still too scratchy. Exchange department is improving. On the whole your paper is very good.

**Chaparral, Stanford University, Cal.**—Clever and snappy as ever.

**The Skirmisher, St. Matthew's School, Burlingame.**—A well arranged paper and your literary department shows much thought. Your cuts, as well as your jokes, are clever.

**Wilmerding Life, San Francisco, Cal.**—The Life is interesting from cover to cover. Your editorial is very good.

**Oriole, Campbell, Cal.**—Why not have a heading for your Alumni Notes. Green for a Freshman number is especially appropriate.

**The Tocsin, Santa Clara, Cal.**—Your paper is good and your literary department deserves especial mention.

**Searchlight, San Rafael, Cal.**—Your cartoons are poor, but your literary department is good, especially "The Taming of Pad Conroy."

**Argus, Tulare, Cal.**—Your joshes are very good. Don't run your literary department in with the Senior class.

As "The Tiger" goes to press we acknowledge the receipt of "The Item," Pasadena High School, California; "The Owl," (January and February numbers), Fresno High School, California; and the "Clarion."

# SCHOOL NEWS

## Christmas Rally

On Friday, December 15, the final rally for 1911 was held. It was exceptionally well attended by the students, showing, without any doubt, that we have the right Lick spirit.

Yell-leader Rust opened the rally with a great, big "Ali-Be-Bo," after which Mr. Merrill made a few opening remarks. He spoke of the student activities of the past term, especially congratulating the Debating Society on the remarkable success of their social affairs.

President Worth then called on the orchestra, which rendered a selection that was certainly good, judging from the applause it received.

Ex-Captain Rust of the football team reviewed the past season's achievements and announced Montgomery as the captain for the coming year. Captain "Monty" then told of the plans already formed for the coming season.

Manager "Greek" Neuhaus was next called upon to speak on the swimming situation. He promised a team for the coming season, as the prospects were especially bright.

M. Heilfronn and L. Brunel, two "dignified Seniors," rendered a violin duet with great success. They were well accompanied by Miss von der Mehden.

Captain Rogers of the track team presented the Hearst trophy to President Worth, who accepted it in the name of the student body and thanked the track team for their earnest work.

"Reverend" Hohman enlightened the students on the basket-ball outlook. He announced that the team was in fine condition and big things were expected of it.

Girls' athletics were not forgotten. Miss Mitchell, the present captain of the basket-ball team, told us what the girls were doing. Miss Sophie Felderman, '11, also gave the girls some good advice about attending games and supporting the team. Though we hear very little about tennis it is still being kept up by a few girls, as Miss Purser showed us.

Another selection from the orchestra met with its usual success. Keep it up, boys, we like it!

E. Slack represented "The Tiger" at the rally. He being the only one of the staff of pen artists to speak, made up for the rest by telling us of the origin of "The Tiger."

President Heintz of the Debating Society expressed his thanks to every one, especially the teachers, for the support given the society in the past term.

Strange, now isn't it, that the dark room should always arouse our curiosity. Well, Hacke gave every one an invitation to solve the mysteries



of the dark room, so why not accept by joining the club and seeing for ourselves?

Under Miss Denny's able direction the Glee Club has been making wonderful progress, as was shown by the selection, "Silent Night," which they sang so well.

Several former students of Lick, including Frank House, '11, and Willard Beatty, '09, were called on to speak a few words.

Miss Laycock next favored us with a recitation, which was greatly appreciated, as shown by the enthusiastic applause which followed.

A block "L" was then awarded to Benton for his success on the swimming team.

Baseball was not overlooked, being ably represented by "Casey" Cormack.

After a final selection from the orchestra, every one sang "The Tower of Babel" and the rally closed.

## Minor Rallies

The first rally of the new term was held January 24, at noon, for the purpose of boosting basket-ball. Chester Hacke, Senior class yell-leader, lead the yells and was quite a feature of the rally.

President Worth opened the rally with one of his funny (?) stories. when the applause had subsided, he called on Manager Velisaratos to make an announcement about the Senior Farce. Velisaratos then told us that the play was to be "Christopher Jr.," a comedy which Stanford is also presenting this year. He asked for the support of the Student Body and then retired gracefully.

The "Girls' Tiger" was represented next by Miss Buck, manager, and Miss Boyle, editor. They called for "lots of ads." and "good stories" respectively.

The real business of the rally was then taken up, and Manager Cowan of the basket-ball team announced the game to be held the following Saturday. He made the usual plea for support and gave the scrubs a few pointers on basket-ball.

Captain Rust next spoke and the burden of his speech was "Beat 'em, beat 'em, beat 'em!"

President Christensen of the Camera Club announced an entertainment to be held in the near future, and the rally closed with a big "Ali-bi-bo."

The second rally was held February 7th for the purpose of boosting the basket-ball game to be held the same evening with Wilmerding. The orchestra was present and rendered several fine selections, which put everybody in the proper spirit for yelling.

The basket-ball men were then called on: Cowan, Hohman and Captain Rust each spoke and urged everybody to come to the game. Manager Cowan promised entertainment in the form of a dance after the game.

Manager Neuhaus of the baseball team then outlined his plans for the season. He congratulated the '13 boys on the splendid showing they were making in baseball, and urged all the other fellows to come out. Some yells were practiced next and the rally closed with an "Ali-bi-bo" that made the walls shake.



## Nineteen Twelve Dance

On Saturday evening, February 10, 1912, a jolly group of young folks gathered together in "Our Hall" at the invitation of the Senior class for a good time.

A short, but good program preceded the dancing. The orchestra rendered selections which were as usual enthusiastically applauded. The girls of the Senior farce cast, Misses Von der Mehden, Hauerken, Lightbody and Hogan, delighted the audience with a vocal number. We were also favored with a duet by Mr. Lacoste's children, and two small sketches were presented by Worth and Fuchs, and also Austin and Boruck.

An effort was made by the entertainers to impress one idea on the audience and that was "Remember the Senior Farce." On this subject Manager Velisaratos and J. Ryan spoke.

Dancing followed this informal program and at the close of the evening everybody agreed that the "Farce Jinks" was a success.

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## Football Dance

The Lick Rugby football entertainment and dance was held under the auspices of the Lick Debating Society on Saturday evening, December 9, 1911.

The affair was given for the purpose of raising funds to defray the expenses of the football season.

The program was opened by a selection from the orchestra, which, as usual, was heartily applauded.

The second number was a scene from "School for Scandal." In this two members of the Sophomore class, Madeleine Hogan and George Hillbach, played the parts of Lady Teazle and Sir Peter to perfection.

The Boys' Glee Club sang the "Tinkers' Chorus" in fine style, and deserve a great deal of praise for their steady work.

A very unique feature of the program was a recitation, with musical accompaniment, given by Miss Sylvia Simons.

The famous "Lick Quartet," consisting of Blade, Green, Wolfsohn and Montgomery, delighted everybody in the audience with their quaint songs.

Another number which was greatly appreciated by every one was the selection rendered by the Girls' Glee Club.

The musical part of the program was under the direction of Miss Denny, and much credit is due her for the efforts she expended in helping us.

Last, but not least, on the program was the farce entitled "A Domestic Dilemma," which was especially entertaining and amusing. The cast consisted of Misses Leona Goodman, Eleanor Hauerken and Isabel Lightbody, and T. Devine and L. Boruck.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing, and when it came time to leave everybody declared that the L. D. S. certainly knew how to do things.

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## The Orchestra

The orchestra has now become an important organization in the social affairs of the students. It is present at all the social events and helps greatly toward making the programs successful. The success of the orchestra is due more to the members than to anything else. Brunel has proven

himself an able leader and Heilfronn can certainly handle the manager's position.

The members are all of the Senior and Freshman classes; '15 is especially to be congratulated on the amount of good musicians they have turned out.

The players are as follows: Violins, Brunel, Heilfronn, Kohlmoos and Samuels; cornet, Wagner, Pasch; saxophone, J. Mathieu; trombone, Rousselot; cello, Wolfsohn; drums, Meyer; piano, Bennet; flute, Schlichtmann.

The four violins have been playing together from the beginning and are now in fine form. The cornet section is strong and Mathieu handles his saxophone like a veteran. The other players are all in good trim and we now have an excellent orchestra.

The student body is indebted to this organization for their ready response on all occasions when they have been called upon and for their generosity when playing.

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## Faculty Tea

Just before Christmas, on December 6th, the ladies of the faculty were the hostesses at a tea given in honor of the Senior girls.

The bungalow was attractively decorated for the occasion and the girls forgot all about German and English and Algebra in the good time that followed.

The afternoon was spent in playing games. As the male element was lacking, a rather novel game was played—"Dream Man." Each girl was given a piece of cloth and a needle and thread with which to outline her "ideal" man. Some of the results were astonishing, and the Senior boys would have been hopeless could they have seen them. Miss Von der Mehden, however, succeeded so well with hers, a college boy, that she was awarded the prize. Whom did she have in mind we wonder?

Another interesting game was "The Story of Her Life." Each girl was given a book and a set of pictures, funny and otherwise, with which to depict the different stages of the life of some other girl. The last picture in the book was to represent the girl in 1940. This game caused much merriment, some of the girls being suffragettes, old maids and so forth. Let us hope the prophecies don't come too true, girls.

As the afternoon drew to a close, light refreshments were served and the girls left, thanking their hostess for a most delightful time.

---

## California

There is little to be said as regards Lick men at California. We're working and working hard. That's all. There is not much time for anything else.

Brownie Halbert is yell leader of the Freshman Class, and also took quite a prominent part in organizing their swimming team. Merv. Carlson followed in the footsteps of Os. Lawton by becoming chairman of the Freshman Constitutional Committee.

Stew. Wilder is in charge of the Senior Assemblies, which are the fourth year informal dances. Dago De Lano is doing good work on the Junior Informal Committee. I've been boosting Junior Plugs, chairmaning the Junior Prom. Arrangements Committee, and trying to stir up interest in the League of the Republic, a college civic society. I succeeded in getting Hirschler and McNair interested in it, so you see it goes without say-

ing that it is an organization which gives its members plenty of chance to talk. Cap. Pitchford, I believe, is secretary of the Glee Club, of which Art. Felt is also a member. Felt broke into notoriety at the Varsity Smoker Rally before the big game (which, by the way, we won), by being the author of a song which the Glee Club sang. Its burden being laudatory of California and hardly that of Stanford.

Fred Barkis was down and was looking quite healthy. V. Fritz Lenzen has been out of college with typhoid fever, but is back now looking the same as ever. Dip Hammond says he hopes to be back with us before long, but sets no definite date. He's working for the Northwestern Pacific and declares that there is absolutely no truth or foundation in the rumors that he is to become a benedict.

Elna Clifford has taken out a leave of absence because of the sickness of her mother. Previous to that she was one of the workers on the Prom. Arrangements Committee.

All the boys are beaming broadly, and declare that the Lick bunch is going to make a record in scholarship this term—maybe I'll be able to tell you how much truth there is in the declaration. Let us hope that there is plenty.

---

## Stanford Alumni

The little group of Lick men here does not seem to increase very rapidly. Two of our number are not with us this semester. These are "Sue" Salbach and "Bill" Beattie; able and worthy representatives of the old school. Sorry to see them go.

On the "Quad" the other day I was surprised to see a face strangely familiar. At least it was familiar back in '08. He was then known as "Dodo" Barnett. Now —?

Three men are now registered from Lick in the Freshman class. These are George Heynemann, Arthur Wynne and Paul Wormser. It looks as if the first named intended to distinguish himself as a "stude," for he is taking eighteen hours of work and is registered in the Pre-legal department.

Who has not seen Artie Wynne's stories in "The Tiger" for the last three years? They were always there. Now he is showing his ability as one of the editors of the "Daily Palo Alto," a student publication.

Small people hate awfully to be told about their size. There are some positions, however, which only a small man can fill. One of these is coxswain of a crew. Perhaps Paul Wormser will hold that place on the Freshman crew.

It seems that Marguerite Boyd Majors in sports, for she has just been chosen as one of the University of California women on February 22.

You have a new teacher at Lick, Miss Lu Beeger. Perhaps you know she is a recent Stanford graduate. Not only is the school fortunate in having her, but she is also fortunate in being at Lick.

"Dutch" Reimer, though not attending Stanford, may come in under this column. He still has the broad smile and may be seen any time collecting the cardboards at the Cort. He is also connected with Green's advertising agency. Manager Slack, take a hint and get Dutch to tell you who the bad pay artists are.

---

## REMEMBER THE FARCE.

The Senior Farce, "Christopher Junior," will be given at the Valencia Theater on the afternoon of April 27th, at 2:30 o'clock. Tickets may be obtained by communicating with the school.



# SHOP NOTES



## Mechanical Drawing

In this department everything is going along first rate. The Freshmen are digging along on the printing and regular exercise sheets. The doughty Sophomores are away ahead of the preceding classes and are about doing the work that is intended for the routine of two months hence.

Of the large class of Junior and Senior apprentices no one shines above the rest; each is working earnestly. Olney has just completed a tracing for a fire manifold. Christensen and Piper are working together on an air compressor, which is near completion. Trepte is designing the piping for the forge shop across the way. Traynor is drawing a uniform steam engine. Whitmore is on an ore crusher. Blote is on a Dietzel gas engine, and Shaw is doing the tracing of a vacuum pump.

---

## Machine Shop

This department is going along at its uniform rate and the work of the classes is fast nearing completion. The Juniors have finished their exercises and are now working on machine parts. Wayman, Friend, Kirkwood and Heintz are working a little in advance of the rest, and Mr. Sunkel has hopes of making good machinists out of them.

There is now an abundance of work in the shop, which keeps everybody working on something. This quarter is seeing more machines under construction than any of the past.

There is a three horsepower gas engine, a two-inch centrifugal pump, a vacuum cleaning machine, and a 4x6 double-engine hoist now nearing completion. Also, there is one dozen steam traps, one governor valve and a throttle valve for a turbine in the making.

There are a number of new installations this quarter. A No. 2 Cincinnati universal milling machine with attachments, an 18-inch Stockbridge gear-box shaper and a six-inch power saw were fitted in place by Campion and Wayman and are now working finely. Mr. Sunkel is very pleased with the new machines and hopes for great things from the apprentices he will detail to operate them.

The Seniors are all at work—which is something new, also. Hacke has completed the accurate parts of the new steam hoist; Campion is on the detail jobs of a large turbine; Anderson is working on numerous odd jobs; Hohman has finished turning out the turbine on the big lathe and is now on a gas engine.



## Pattern Shop

In this department there are no apprentices whatever. Mr. McLaren has his crew of Freshies with their noses over the lathes and working very industriously. The big turbine that is to be cast in the foundry has just been turned out—a piece of work which is a credit to any class of workers. All the regular exercises have been completed and the boys are glad when outside work gives them a chance to show off their skill.

Just now some of the boys are on a vacuum blower, to be used on the Lux building. A part of them are also on a pattern of a one-cylinder gas engine.

---

## Foundry

The classes in this shop are proceeding with their usual exercises. At the present time a large steam turbine is being put in order for casting and a gear wheel, about four and one-half feet in diameter, is being cast. The class will have excellent practice on a six-foot propeller, which Mr. Lacoste means to cast in the near future.

---

## Forge

The changing of the forge shop into the Wilmerding building has not upset Mr. Mathis in the least. The new abode of the mighty smithies is somewhat smaller than the vacated place. However, in the smaller place everything is exactly in its place, the new hammer is working well, and the classes are turning out work in the excellent style that has been characteristic of them ever since there was a forge shop.

The Sophomores are through with the making of bolts, nuts and temperings. They are now on the steel work and progressing rapidly. There has been plenty of outside work this quarter, and every one, from Mr. Mathis down to the janitor, has had his share of it.

Johnny Ryan, our ham actor, has just acted out the role of andiron maker. There are two, splendidly-done andirons lying finished in a corner of the shop that Mr. Mathis points to with pride as he tells one they are some of Ryan's work. Ryan is not an apprentice, however.

Heese is making up hours in this shop. He has finished, with the classes helping him, a few iron ladders, a fire escape and a large quantity of outside work. His work is of the highest standard and Ryan will have to hustle to keep him from ranking No. 1.

---

## Chemistry

In general chemistry the slow students have been eliminated, so the remainder of them are progressing rapidly. They have finished the working out of the theory and are proceeding to illustrate the work.

The Sophomores have visited the chemical works near by and after seeing and writing all the details of the different processes they have a complete idea of what chemical work is. In the future they will probably visit the glass works, soap factory and other chemical plants in the neighborhood.

The girls are about ready to take up the special work in connection with the home, while the boys will go on with the study of metals and its branches.

The Juniors are succeeding splendidly with volumetric analysis. They work quickly and with great accuracy, which is absolutely essential to their work in the future.

The Senior apprentices are making a new machine. It is a first-class electric furnace for obtaining carbonated iron. This is the only strictly reliable method of doing it. The furnace is very near completion.

---

## Home Course

Before Christmas vacation the Senior girls completed their portfolios. The work was an exercise in elementary bookbinding and the girls dyed the linen for the backs and the tapes used for tying. The designs were good and finish in many cases excellent. The work of Miss Cahen, Miss Woodhams and Miss Perry is especially commendable for good design and neat finish. The portfolios contain all the plans and drawings of the first half of the year.

The class has taken one trip since Christmas when visits were made to Vickery's Art Store and Paul Elder's. At Vickery's we were interested in the beautiful furniture and interesting arrangements of color and ornaments. We saw some fine specimens of Grenby pottery and Venetian glass. At Paul Elder's we were shown Rockwood, Newcomb and Paul Revere pottery with some fine monotypes and color prints of famous paintings.

For some weeks the class has been studying color and light as applied to house furnishing. The science back of all color schemes and house decoration has been explained and the girls have worked up color plans for rooms of varying situations, shapes and sizes. Some attention has been given to color in dress.

The history and evolution of artificial lighting proved a topic of great interest. We traced the changes from the bonfire to the Tungsten lamp and considered modern methods of lighting with reference to different rooms and public buildings.

Mr. Wood of Wilmerding has given two lectures this quarter on methods of heating and ventilation of houses.

At present the girls are studying furniture; its history and construction. Each girl is looking up some historical period in furniture-making and preparing to give the class a talk on the subject. The girls are also planning the furniture and estimating costs for the bungalow of which they drew plans early in the year.

---

## Sewing Notes

The Freshman girls who entered at Christmas are doing very well for beginners. They have finished their book of practice work, completed the measuring and drafting of some of their patterns and have now begun work on the white undergarments.

The Misses Phillips, Laycock, Letson and Giminini are getting practical normal training by teaching the class.

The regular Freshman girls have completed the measuring and drafting of their patterns, and are now busy finishing their undergarments.

The Sophomores are the milliners. They designed their winter hats, which were very pretty. Some of the girls made buckram frames, which

they covered with velvet, while others made soft velvet hats. They have just finished making the little practice summer hats, learning how to make the wire frames, and how to sew on the straw. These hats will be sent to some orphanage before Easter.

The Juniors have finished the white skirt, and are, at present, working on the dress for the infants' outfit.

The Senior girls made a large Alumni flag and mended the old flag. The girls are now working on their graduation outfits.

---

## The Cooking Class

The girls in the Cooking Class are doing very successful and interesting work. This quarter is being devoted to the cooking and serving of luncheons. The girls figure the cost and caloric value of a menu for four people each week. The menu usually consists of three courses, with appropriate dishes of the season, and is served to different teachers on each Thursday with two girls acting as host and hostess. This is excellent practice for the girls, as it gives them a knowledge of serving as well as cooking.

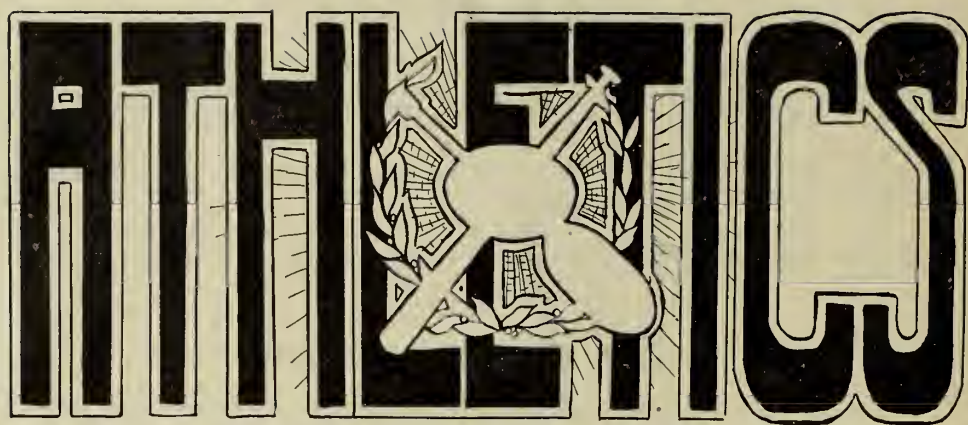
Many of the girls are taking the normal course, which is a broadening of the Junior work, by doing theoretical and demonstrating work and practicing different methods of teaching.

They are giving a series of demonstrations at present, one on Thursday of each week. The subjects are as follows: February 29th—"Fruit Salads," by Miss Purser and her assistant, Miss Phillips; March 7th—"Cream Candies," by Miss Phillips and Miss Giminini as her assistant; March 14th—"Cheese Dishes," by Miss Giminini and her assistant, Miss Laycock; March 21st—"Gelatine Desserts," by Miss Laycock and her assistant, Miss Watson. This furnishes fine practice for the girls and benefits those who do not take cooking, for they all attend.

In connection with the cooking the Junior girls take Hygiene. The members of this class give varied lectures on Physiology and are thus being trained a little differently than is the usual custom. The latter part of the quarter will be devoted to bandaging and first aid to the injured.







MADELINE HOGAN -

## Girls' Athletics

### BASKET-BALL.

Although the basket-ball team is greatly crippled this year, we are having a fairly successful season. With the interclass out of the way we started to work in earnest.

Our first game was with Yerba Buena. We played them once before and defeated them, 19-5, and on November 29, 1911, we gave them a return game on their court. Unfairness on the part of the other team marked the game from the very beginning. Not a field goal could be made, owing to the fact that a foul was called by the opponent's referee whenever the Lick goals received the ball. Yerba Buena won, 9-7.

Our next game was with Cogswell sometime during December. This game was played on the Cogswell court and, as we were not used to the slippery floor of an inside court, it took us some time to get started. When the whistle blew for the first half the ball passed immediately from the Cogswell center to the Cogswell goal and into the basket. This did not last long, however, when we finally got on our feet. Miss Mathis made two or three goals in succession and this, together with the aid of Miss Herbert in throwing free goals, enabled us to almost tie the score by the end of the first half. It stood 8-9 in Cogswell's favor. When the whistle blew for the beginning of the second half, both teams started, determined to win. Fine team work on both sides was evident, but Lick grew stronger and stronger as the game progressed. At the end of the struggle Lick emerged victorious from one of the prettiest exhibitions of basket-ball seen in a long time. Miss Swanstrom and Miss Mitchell must be congratulated for their excellent work in this game. Owing to the absence of Miss Woodhams, Miss Herbert played goal. The game was followed by refreshments, the Cogswell girls proving themselves delightful hostesses as well as good losers.

On December 12, 1911, on the Commercial court, we were to play what was to be the deciding game with Yerba Buena. It was a repetition of the former Yerba Buena game in the way of unfairness. During the second half the team was called from the field by our captain, Miss Mitchell, at which time the score stood 9-7 in our favor.

On December 11, the team played Commercial on the Lick court. As Commercial defeated Lowell we expected a hard fight. When the whistle blew for the beginning of the game, the ball was thrown to the Commercial



goal and the first points were made. After this, however, our team started with a rush and the result of the game was never in doubt. The team work of our centers was fine, in fact, we excelled in every department. Many excellent goal throws were made during the game. The final score stood 29-10 in our favor.

On February 7, 1912, the girls journeyed to San Rafael for a game with San Rafael High School. The game was exceedingly fast, both teams keeping together through the first half. At the beginning of the second half the score stood 9-8 in our favor, but San Rafael came out ahead, the final score being 20-13. In this game our center work was weak, owing to the loss of Miss Swanstrom, our speedy side center, who has left school.

### TENNIS.

There has been very little practice in tennis this quarter owing to the weather. A new net has been voted by the Board of Control and we intend to make good use of it. Interclass will take place sometime during the next quarter and keen competition is expected between the different classes. Let every girl take interest in this sport and come out and support the respective teams.

During the month of November, 1911, the school team played Loewll on the Park tennis court. Miss Bettoli was not able to play, so Miss Gerson took her place. The first set was exceptionally good, each team holding its own. However, owing to the lack of practice and a little hard luck, the victory went to the opposing team.

---

## Boys' Athletics

### BASKET-BALL.

Although basket-ball was not as successful as might be hoped for this winter, Lick has learned a lesson. That is, never to attempt another season of basket-ball without a coach. Then men practiced hard every night at the Y. M. C. A., and good material was not lacking; but, as in all athletics, a coach is absolutely necessary. Captain Rust worked hard with the team and Manager Cowan did his best to secure practice games, which it seemed impossible to do, but this was not enough to turn out a winning team. Owing to the division of the league, Lick had but two games to play in the sub-league series. These were with Lowell and Wilmerding.

### LICK 19; LOWELL 37.

The first league game was with our old rival, Lowell. From the time that the first whistle blew until the end, the game was full of fight. As far as individual work goes the game was a good one, but lack of team work, caused by not having a coach, was the cause of Lick's defeat. However, every man on the team played hard, in fact a little too hard, as fouls by our team were very frequent. Toward the end of the first half Lick's forwards showed a burst of speed and made three field goals in rapid succession, and probably would have gained a lead on Lowell had not the half ended with the score: Lowell 13; Lick 10. The second half, however, Lick seemed to lose their "goat," and Lowell's forwards made 24 points in rapid succession. Schwardzenbeck, next year's captain, played the best

game. Captain Rust and Neuhaus played good at guards, but did not come up to their last year's work, probably due to their lack of coaching.

#### LICK 16; WILMERDING 32.

Our second and last game of the basket-ball season was with our neighbors, Wilmerding. The team played the same hard game and also showed a decided improvement in their team work. Although the best team won, they had to fight hard to do it and the score does not show how closely the game was contested. Pete Hohman, Lick's husky center, although playing his first year on the big team, was by far the star of the game, making fourteen of Lick's sixteen points. This is Pete's first and last year, but he made our jovial friend, "Red" Gibbs, hustle. Captain Rust at forward Cowan at guard also played very good games. "Spot" Traynor worked faithfully all season and in the short periods of play in the two games he played a steady, hard game. "Dutch" Rhode was good when he played, but seemed to forget that he was playing basket-ball and not foot-ball. The team in these two games was:

Captain Rust, guard.

Neuhaus, guard.

Hohman, center.

Schwartzbeck, forward.

Cowen, forward.

Traynor and Rhode, substitutes.

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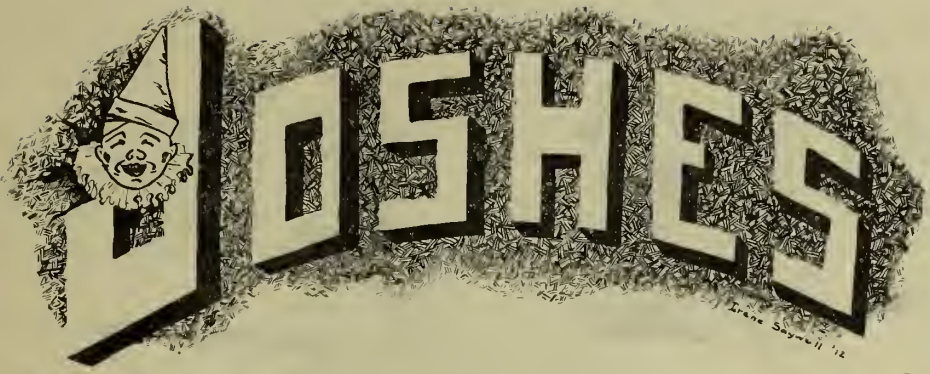
### Track

With six of last year's point winners as a nucleus, Lick should develop a very good track team this spring. As yet no coach has been secured, but this should not keep the fellows from coming out. New men are needed badly, especially in the hurdles, relay and field events. The veterans of last year's team are Hohman and Maynard in the field events, and Captain Rogers, Lenzen, Knowles and Woerner in the track events. In the weight classes are Finn, Rosenthal, Osgood and Leichsering. Keith, a new man from Lowell, who won the interclass quarter, should, with proper training, develop into a very fast man. Regular training starts about the first of March on the Wilmerding oval. The Stanford interscholastic will be held on March 30, in which the more experienced men will be entered, but a full team will be entered in the San Francisco Sub-League, Bay Counties, Academic and Pacific Coast interscholastic meets. The men on the team, however, are hoping to have several dual meets arranged where they will be able to get into good form for the larger meets.

---

### Baseball

Much interest is being shown by the fellows in baseball. Ray Whitmore has been elected captain and John Neuhaus manager. Every afternoon a large squad is out for practice, and the chances for a successful team look very bright. An extensive series of practice games has been arranged by Manager Neuhaus, which will keep the team busy till the time of the league games. The sub-league has been divided into class A and class B, but it has not yet been decided what teams Lick will meet in the league series. No coach has yet been secured, but one will be, if possible, in the near future.



### ATTENTION, SENIORS!

Discovered by Professor Maynard—a new use for the slide rule. We always knew that one could get within 50 per cent of the right answers in math if he used a “slip-stick.” Maybe this accounts for the marvellous results obtained by the Seniors in their Physics’ experiments. (For further particulars see Mr. Plumb). But to get back to Herr Maynard. He has found a method of figuring out German prepositions on a slide rule!!! Miss Otto discovered him in the act and lauded him to the skies for his ingenuity. Now he refuses to disclose the wonderful secret.

---

Sylvia (in Ger. IV)—“Ich stehe an der Tafel.”

Franlein—“What does ‘an’ mean?”

Sylvia—“Upon.”

Franlein—“So-o-o. You stand on the blackboard. You must be a fly.”

---

### SOMETHING NEW.

Mr. Plumb—“What is horse power?”

High—“It’s the work done by the fellow divided by the coefficient of the horse.”

---

Rogers—“Of all the nerve; Miss —— only gave me F.”

Miss Otto—“That’s fair, is it not?”

---

(In Mechanics)—“Mosgrove, that line goes to infinity.”

Mosgrove—“I have no affinity; who’s been telling you?”

---

Block owes Neuhaus, Neuhaus owes Slack and Slack owes Cowan. Neuhaus won’t pay Slack till Block pays him, and Slack won’t pay Cowan till Neuhaus pays him. When will poor Cowan ever get paid?

---

### SOME HOBBLE!

Miss B.—“Did you wear rubbers today, Lillian?”

Miss A.—“Yes, I wore rubbers and an umbrella.”





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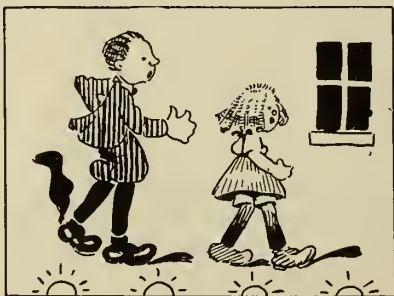
Some  
of  
Our  
Girls



SOME OF THE  
FRESHMEN GIRLS  
RESORT TO THIS

OUR PERFECT  
GIRL

Martensstein  
1932



AT THE SENIOR  
JINKS



JUNIOR GERMAN IS  
GETTING SOME INTERESTING

77



**SUCH IS LIFE!!**

The other day Mr. Plumb, our Physics, Civics, Trig. and Mechanics teacher, went into Goldberg-Bowens' to get a square of butter. Yes, a square of butter. He insisted on having it exactly two pounds, and the clerk was forced to weigh about twenty squares. He became a little bit peeved, and Mr. Plumb barely escaped with his life by accepting a square which weighed one pound fourteen ounces.

---

Orator—"Who can make bricks without straw?"  
Mrs. T.—"My cooking class can—out of flour."

---

**JUST SAMPLES.**

The following are samples of rally speeches made by certain celebrities. Freshmen, take notice!

**When Cowan Makes a Speech.**

"If you fellows all buy a ticket, why, you'll see a fine game; why, we need the money; why—er—why—be sure and buy a ticket."

**When Rust Makes a Speech.**

Rubbing his hands together and smiling: "I hate to crab, fellows, but you've got to come through and buy some tickets. We're goin' to beat 'em tonight, and we're goin' to beat 'em if you all get out and root. But if you don't, we won't beat 'em. Be sure and come, fellows, and YELL! We're goin' to beat 'em."

**When Boruck Makes a Speech.**

"Mr. President and most honorable students: Once again that most noteworthy organization, the Lick Debating Society of the California School of Mechanical Arts, has come gallantly to the rescue of the Associated Student Body, and on next Saturday night it will devote its time and talent to giving a production the like of which has never before been seen, etc., etc."

(You really have to see Boruck to appreciate him.)

**When "Preacher" Hohman Makes a Speech.**

("Preacher" is long and maybe that's why his speeches are so short. Unlikes attract, you know).

"Fellers, er—er—you all want to come to the game—er—it's goin' to be great—er—why—aw, I don't know——"

**When the Girls Make a Speech.**

They make it short and sweet.

---

Miss Otto found "A" powder rag in the English room after the Freshman girls had left. Of course, we do not mean to intimate that the Freshmen ever use powder, but then—well, it looks suspicious.

---

Cooking Teacher—"Name some cereal breakfast foods."  
Girls—"Ham, eggs and bacon."

## GIRLS, HEAR THIS?

Miss Denny (to Block, who had just read one of his own compositions)—“A little child wouldn’t talk like that.”

Block—“But this is a little girl, you know, and they’re pretty smart, sometimes.”

---

## ISN’T IT QUEER?

That if you meet J. Neuhaus on the car in the morning you’re sure to be late?

That the girls are all sitting in the front rows in Civics?

That a tack always points heavenwards when it means mischief?

That ex’s come just when you would rather be doing something more useful?

That the marks don’t come on the cards according to our figuring?

That such an ELEGANT book as this should be sold for two bits?

---

The boy stood on the burning deck,

Whence all but him had fled;

(No, dear reader, he wasn’t too green to run),

But this is what he said:

If “der” is “the,” and “die” is “the,”

And “the” is also “das,”

And “den” is “the,” why then I see

“The” is “derdendiedas.”

---

## “JUDGE” FUCHS ISN’T A BIT ROMANTIC.

Miss Denny—“What are the fields of sleep?”

Fuchs—“The graveyards.”

---

## SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES.

“When air expands it becomes denser.”—Siebenhauer.

“You can swim on air.”—Block.

“Light is the absence of darkness.”—Bennet.

“Two times four is two.”—Carmichael.

“Thirty divided by three is ten and one-third.”—Thorn.

“The weight of air is one ton per cubic foot.”—Block.

“The more you press water up the further down it goes.”—Siebenhauer.

---

Freshman—“Is my powder on straight?”

---

Scrub—“He was a bad, mean little wretch; a low——”

Mr. Potts—“Silence!”

Scrub—“But, sir, it’s the truth.”

Mr. Potts—“It doesn’t matter; we want none of it here.”

---

Old Lady—“I’d like some fourteen-year-old underwear.”

Dapper Young Clerk—“Sorry, madam, but we only carry new stock.”

## **“The Hastings”**

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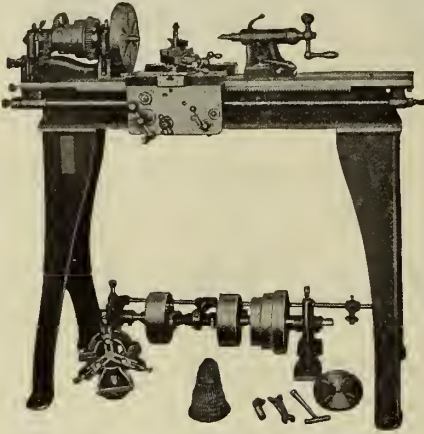
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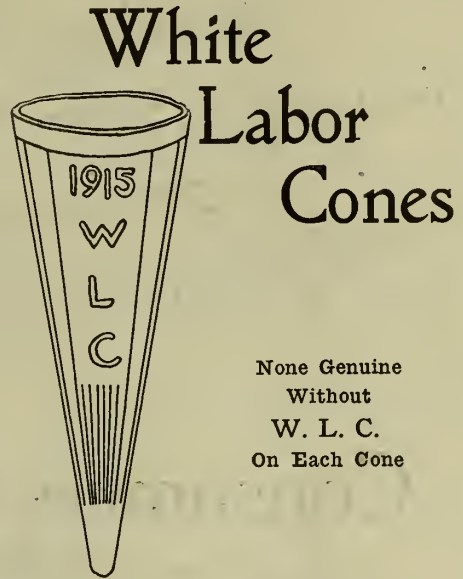
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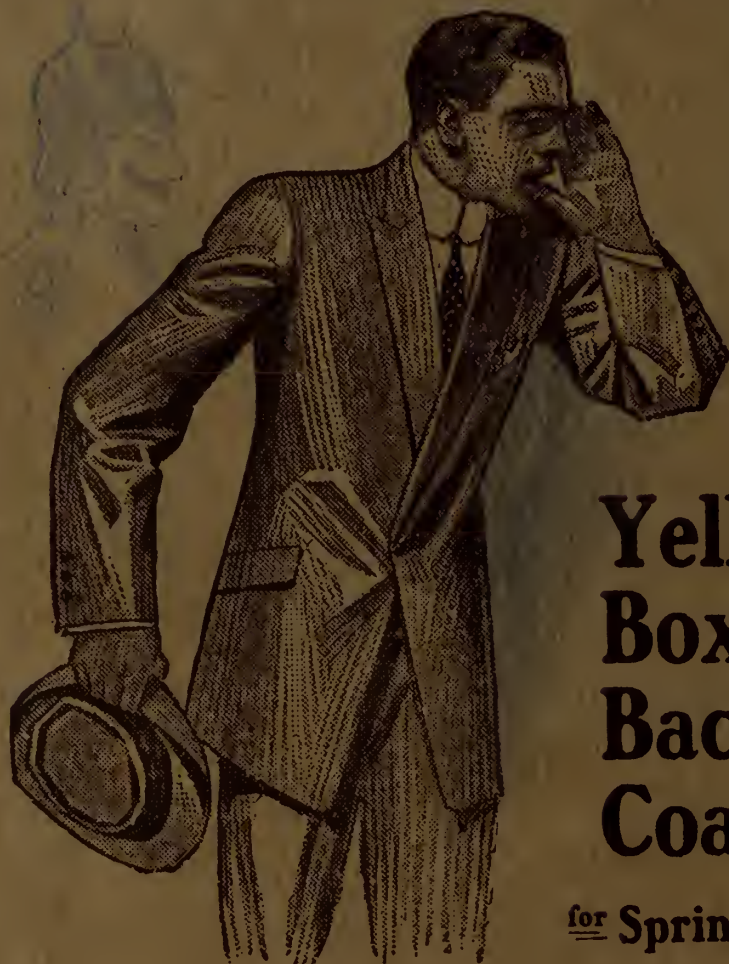
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